

Circulation Books and Press Room
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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
OF
THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 4.
was as follows:

MONDAY.....	80,560
TUESDAY.....	80,720
WEDNESDAY.....	82,920
THURSDAY.....	82,280
FRIDAY.....	81,800
SATURDAY.....	81,820

WAIT AND SEE.

Senator INGLETT explains that he appointed on the Special Committee on the Pacific Railroad men "who would not try to make political capital out of the matter."
The only political capital that could be made out of the matter lies in the direction of a protection of the Government's interests. Is Senator INGLETT's remark to be construed as an indication that the capital to be taken care of is that represented in the enormous fortunes of the railroad magnates?
It looks that way.

WHY RUSH?

And now a man's leg has been broken in the wild rush for entrance to an "L" train.
What possesses the average New Yorker, that causes him to jump up the stairs, crowd past the ticket-box and make a lunge like a wild buffalo to get aboard these cars?
It is the demon of unrest—that nervous haste which is "burning the candle at both ends" in this maelstrom metropolis.
The "L" trains at the busy hours run every two minutes. If a man is a little too late for one train, he is just in time for the next. Why rush?

KEEPING IT UP.

The proposition to remove Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago, and make a perpetual show of it, is probably a scheme of JOSEPH BRIDGES FORAKER to boom himself for the Republican Presidential nomination.
With the National Convention held in that historic prison pen how naturally a bloody shirt campaign would follow. How reasonably would resound the old "rebel" howling! And in such a campaign who is so forward for leader as the fiery FORAKER, whose zeal for war increases with the prolongation of peace, and who enjoys the distinction of being the only man ever snubbed by the wife of a Democratic President.
A great head has FORAKER.

LEGGING IT.

The great go-as-you-please contest in Madison Square Garden is not a walking match nor a running race. It is a test of endurance, under conditions of bad air and attendant excitement that are not favorable to the best results, but that are perhaps equally fair to all.
The interest of the public is what concerns THE EVENING WORLD, and in recognition of this our reports will be the latest, fullest and clearest that can be made.
And may the best man win!

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

The language of love is more universal than Volapuk will ever be.
The wooing, winning and elopement with a pretty Pennsylvania girl, by a deaf and dumb man from Connecticut, shows that love does not depend upon any speech. It flashes from the eye. It tingles its message through the fingers. It proclaims itself upon bent knees. It is eloquent in gestures. It conveys through the lips what the tongue could not utter. Its vocabulary is caresses.
There are no locks nor bars that love does not laugh at. Long live Love!

The Washington crushers who go to church to stare at the President's wife and mob that estimable lady as she goes to her carriage are the terror of ushers and police. If the contribution boxes won't scatter them, how would it do to call on a squad of the Salvation Army?

Are not the Great Powers of Europe a good deal like SULLIVAN and SMITH—bent upon making so many conditions for a fight, and leaving so many loopholes of escape, that no "mill" is probable?

Mr. Chimpazee Crowley refuses to take whiskey or even milk punch; and still those scientists cling to their theory of evolution. Or did man start as a teetotaler?

The Mail street sidewalk, in rear of the Post-Office, was washed and cleaned last week. Who said this is not a reform Administration?

The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. It is the fellow who can "stick" the longest who gets there.

The Correct Thing in Dogs.

A fashion paper in Boston prints a long article under the heading, "The Correct Thing in Dogs." We have many fashion papers out here in the "crowdy West," but there are some folks here-away who have a notion that a bit of etiquette is about the correct thing in dogs of the class that the Boston paper recommends.

In the Sunday School.

Teacher:—What can you tell me of Lot's wife?
Little Girl:—Nothing. Mother says I mustn't talk about other folks behind their backs.

SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES.

General John Keller has just returned to duty in the Charles street station-house. He had been ill some weeks with pneumonia.

Frank A. Sheppard, son of George Sheppard, the stage man, is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and follows in his father's footsteps by running a lively stable.

W. H. McNair, the Ninth avenue druggist, is reported to have said that he does not want any more advice about hair restorers from his affable head clerk, Wm. Kennedy.

A face often seen in the corridors of the Metropolitan Hotel is that of Digby W. Chandler, the artist. He is a quiet little man whose water colors are in many New York galleries. He is also known as an engraver on wood.

Dr. McGoa, ambulance surgeon of St. Vincent's Hospital, is one of the nimblest physicians in the city. When a call is received at the hospital he takes the slight of stairs in one jump and in another is on the ambulance and away.

Among the hotel clerks in this city Harrison Downes, of the Morton House, is declared by his friends to be the Adonis. He is rather short in stature, with a luxuriant mustache, and wears three big diamonds in his expensive shirt front.

Spencer Cone is a man well known in the dramatic profession. Mr. Cone is of medium height and rather inclined to embonpoint. His hair is of a sunset hue. He is a brother of Kate Cone and is the owner of several plays—one with a tank in it, to be tried in the West shortly.

Edwin H. Low, the steamship agent, is known to thousands of people whom he books in the course of a year to all parts of the civilized world. For ten years he was with the National Steamship Company. He reads all the editions of THE WORLD, from choice and by necessity, the necessity lying in the fact that he has to keep informed of all the news of the day at home and abroad.

WORLDLINGS.

Kenna Abbott, the singer, is said to have a fortune of \$300,000, which she has accumulated during the last ten years.

A nosehook was found imbedded in the heart of a tree three feet in diameter that was cut down near York Street, Pa., recently.

Senator Stanford, of California, employs three or four private secretaries, and to one of them he has given the entire Senatorial salary of \$5,000 and mileage.

A man living near Mason, Ga., was attacked a few days ago by a Texas pony which he was leading, and would have been killed if his wife had not run to his assistance and stunned the animal by striking it with an axe.

The State of Sonora, Mexico, levies a tax of \$5 on every baby born within its limits, and charges the farmer 5 cents for every chicken he raises and 50 cents for every sheep.

The famous Jones County bell buzzard was killed at Hazlehurst, Ga., by Will McKea recently. The bell attached to the bird had engraved on it the letters "G. E. R." above the words "Jones County, Ga., 1864." It has been known in various parts of the State for years.

A rooster owned by an Orrington (Me.) man took up his quarters in the barnyard of a neighbor, who fed and cared for it. After a period of four weeks the neighbor sent in a bill for keeping the fowl in feed, but payment was disputed. The matter was finally settled by the neighbor's taking the rooster in payment of the account.

Sheriff Matson, of Chicago, received a letter from a woman in Cerro Gordo, Ill., recently, asking him to send her one strand of a rope that had been used to hang some person. Her little boy had been having fits for four years, and nine doctors had failed to benefit him. A neighbor had told her of the rope being used in such cases with success and she was willing to pay any price to secure a strand of one.

Col. W. R. Wright, an old settler of Eagle River, Mich., was married a few days ago to the wife he married forty-eight years ago and with whom he has always lived. He is a pensioner on the Government, and had the ceremony performed for the purpose of guarding his wife against any trouble she might have after his death in producing a marriage certificate to show that she was lawfully entitled to the pension.

W. D. Ogden, of Jakima, W. T., has in his possession a sperm whale's tooth that has an interesting history. It is about five inches in length and on its polished sides is a portrait of a Spanish lady tattooed with Indian ink. The tooth was originally owned by Capt. Gray, of the ship Columbia, and was used to hang some person. Her little boy had been having fits for four years, and nine doctors had failed to benefit him. A neighbor had told her of the rope being used in such cases with success and she was willing to pay any price to secure a strand of one.

A NICE STATE OF THINGS.

Here's a state of things, now, in this land of the free, Where the people are reckoned the rulers to be, When a few men with money to the rest of us say, "If you want any sugar, our price you must pay, For we've got up a 'trust' and bought the whole lot."

And the rest of the people may all go to pot. "Sooner will you see here I say my opinion, When more but the rich can say 'Sugar in mine.'"

Here's a nice state of things in this land of the free, When a few moneyed fellows say to you and to me, "We've got up a 'trust' now in kerosene oil, And all you low fellows who labor and toil Must buy it of us, and pay us our price, Or go in the dark, like the rats and the mice."

So in most of our homes soon, I really opine, The old "taller dip," or nothing, will shine. Here's a nice state of things, I really must say, When greedy monopolies carry the day, And lock life's necessities, pocket the key, And say, "Go without, or else buy of me."

But the "trusts" keep increasing in numbers all day, And the path of the poor man grows rougher each day. The next thing may be matrimonial "trusts," When to wed we must "see" them and "down with the dust."

But there's ominous mutterings over the land, And the wings of our eagle begin to expand; There's a lock in his eye that bodeb no good To the harpies who gamble in poor people's food. For this is a land for the poor and oppressed, Where the truest, honest toiler is as good as the rest, And each saved "trust" will die very dead When the American eagle swoops down on its head.

New Haven, Conn.

Uncle Josh Again.
Old Hagged—Gosh all hemlock, Tom, what do you call that?

Fer call that?
"Why that, Uncle Josh, is a speaking tube." "De tell!" A speaking tube, eh? Let's hear it talk, Tom!

Old Sol and old Phivius are New York's real street cleaners. They don't deal in excess, nor shirk any part of their work.

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A HOT RUN.

OR,
Dr. Swan's Prediction.

BY
Police Capt. Jacob Siebert,
Of the Leonard Street Station.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

HE disreputable portion of the city community has aims and feelings which hold the different sections of it together in a sort of sympathetic union. "Honor among thieves" is a saying which is used to express this clandestine union, which binds cut-throats, thieves and other villains into a sort of society with one another among themselves.

There are too many instances of a culprit who has been caught in some criminal act being ready to "sneak" and betray his partners in the deed in order to escape punishment himself to make this proverb universally true. But, on the other hand, there are examples enough of a rough kind of fidelity and friendly effort on the part of a gang to help one of their number who had been taken up. So there is some truth in the saying.

I recall an incident of the kind which fell under my own knowledge, where several members of a gang had the coolness to approach me and endeavor to get me to suppress something which told badly against an associate who had been arrested by me.

They got nothing by their attempt. But it showed a trait of bad good-fellowship, which was founded on friendship, self-interest, or mutual protection, possibly on a mixture of the three.

The incident to which I refer was rather an amusing one. It was the capture of a "sneak-thief," or what would be denominated that now. His attempt was made on the spur of the moment, he was detected at it almost as soon as he had begun, and was taken within half an hour after he had left the place. In this case justice was not slow, and the whole business was brisk. Part of it was almost too brisk to be agreeable.

This briskness was in the case for the thief, and that part of it was something I easily remember by reason of what went before.

I had been suffering for some time from my chest, or rather from my left side. When I finally saw a physician to procure some relief, after making a careful examination and asking me questions about my feelings, he told me I was suffering from an affection of the heart. I knew this was not hereditary, and the doctor said it was not serious, and present except some accidental circumstance were to make it so.

This was at the time when New York was agog over the mysterious Nathan murder, which wears its mystery up to this very time. Dr. Swan began talking about the murder, hazarding certain conjectures, asking about several features of the case and the like.

"They have offered a reward, haven't they?" he asked.

"Yes, they promise a reward for the detection of the murderer," I replied.

"How much is it?" he inquired.

I told him. It was some thousands—\$5,000, I believe, but I am not certain of the amount now, only it was large enough to tempt any one who knew anything about it to give his information, and enough to induce a person to try to discover the assassin if he had any idea who it was, or had any clue which promised to lead to him.

"Well," said Dr. Swan, rising, "if you could get the man by running only two blocks for him, I would advise you not to do it."

"If I could get him by as easy work as that," I replied, "I am pretty sure I would make the attempt. It would be good pay for running two blocks. Why do you say that you would advise me not to do such a thing?"

"Because, although your condition is not dangerous as the case stands," he answered, "if you were to engage in any violent physical effort, or to experience anything exciting or startling that would impress you a great deal, so as to quicken the action of the heart violently, you would probably keep over and be a dead man in a jiffy. Running would induce this excessive action of the heart, and speaking of the Nathan murderer made me think of running after him. Hence my remark to you."

"All right, doctor," I said. "I don't suppose I shall run after the murderer of Mr. Nathan, so you need not look out for my funeral just yet on that account. The man that killed Nathan will not be run down by chasing him for two blocks, in my opinion."

This remark of the doctor's and the fact that a few days later I ran considerably more than two blocks as fast as my legs could carry me, and this in hot chase of much smaller game than the murderer of a wealthy man, make me remember the incident very well.

I had never put very much faith in the infallibility of doctors, and my experience then proved that Dr. Swan was not altogether correct in his views. I ran for some miles as fast as I could on a hot summer day through the crowded streets of New York, and although it took about two days for me to fairly get a grip on my wind again, and there were sharp twinges of pain in the region of my heart, I did not collapse, and my funeral has not yet taken place, although this was several years ago.

One forenoon I was standing in front of the station-house on Delancey street. Attorney street crosses Delancey at this point. It was near noon. The day was very warm, and at that hour the heat was getting in all its work.

A little distance around the corner was a furniture store at that time. The office was a small room off the ground floor and fronting on the street, with sides consisting of small panes of glass. It was a small room, a desk stood near the window at the left of the door, and on the other side of the room was a large iron safe.

I was standing on the corner looking about me to see what was going on in this neighborhood. There was the usual movement of

carts and trucks and about the ordinary amount of passers. But everything was quiet and I was about to move on to make my rounds.

Just then a young man came out of the furniture store. He walked rapidly and crossed to the opposite side of the street. Although there was nothing suspicious in his appearance, for he was neatly enough dressed—not flashy nor slovenly in his looks at all—yet my attention was somehow arrested by him. If I had to say what it was that led me to keep my eyes on him it might be hard to put it into words. But probably it was the suggestion of an attempt on his part to seem at ease, and at the same time, a feeling he gave me of trying not to go as fast as he wanted to.

This was not much, but after he had gone a few yards he half turned round and looked up the street. He glanced at the furniture store which he had just left. It was only a momentary glance, but it was enough to confirm my suspicions. When he turned again, after walking a little further on, and took a second look behind him, still in the direction of the furniture store, I felt that there was some "crooked" business on hand.

At this moment a man came out of the furniture shop and looked up and down the street. The fellow had quickened his pace and was now some little distance away. I started for the man as soon as I saw him come out in this way. He saw me, and as soon as I got near enough I asked:

"What is the matter?"

"Why, somebody has been through my safe," he said, excitedly.

"Just now?" I inquired.

"Yes," said the furniture man. "I was in the back part of the store with a customer and saw the fellow come in. I supposed he wanted to buy something, and I meant to go to him as soon as I was through with the man who was talking to me. I thought he would wait. I missed him after two or three minutes when I looked again, and I thought he had gone out. Then I saw him leaving the office and he walked off."

"I didn't try to recall him and went on with my customer, when suddenly I remembered that I had left the key in my safe in the office. I left what I was doing and hurried to the place to see if everything was all right. The safe door was open and some of the papers were lying on the floor. The man had been through it. Fortunately my money was locked up in a compartment in the safe. But I do not know whether he may not have taken something."

"He is walking down this street now, and I'll get him," I said to the man, hastily leaving him.

The fellow had got below Broome street by this time. I walked quickly after him. I had kept my eye on him the whole time. He was walking faster himself now. I took a very rapid gait in the hope of getting up to him pretty close before he would notice that I was following him.

But he was getting near Grand, and there are so many walking there that I feared to lose him and began to run. He looked back. I tried to pull up so that he would not see me running, but it was too late. He did see me, and broke into a swift run himself.

Part II. To-Morrow.

MR. CROWLEY STILL IN DANGER.

He is a Very Sick Monkey, but Supt. Conklin Has Great Hopes.

The condition of Mr. Crowley, the Central Park chimpanzee, is still such as to cause his friends great anxiety. He passed a restless night, and the attendants piled him constantly with brandy and milk, which is his only sustenance.

Supt. Conklin said this morning: "We have great hopes of pulling him through, but he is a very sick monkey. He seems to have improved a trifle since 2 o'clock this morning, but not enough to justify us in saying he is out of danger."

Seen in Hotel Lobby.
Lieut. W. H. Gibson, U. S. A., is at the Grand. Col. Smith Russell, the actor, who loves baked goose, is at the St. James.

Ex-speaker of the House, of Pennsylvania, is again at the Victoria.

Justice MacMahon, of Toronto, and G. May, the Montreal banker, are at the Albemarle.

Myrl Preston, of Lexington, Ky., and W. S. Calhoun, of Chicago, are staying at the St. James.

At the Hoffman are F. Sweta C. Condo, of Chicago, and Harry G. English, son of ex-Gov. English, of Connecticut.

At the Morton House register new names are S. S. Cunningham, of Chicago; Clarence White, of New York; A. Henderson and W. E. Draper, of Philadelphia.

Rhian Allen Hitchcock, a well-known citizen of St. Louis, and W. J. Florence, who has just returned from the East, are recent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue.

L. C. Weil, General Manager of the Western Division of the Adams Express, and F. E. Morgan, Treasurer of the Illinois Clock Works, are registered at the Gilsey.

Stopping at the Union Square Hotel are George A. Barker, of Boston; M. L. Lobe, of Boston; E. W. Treacher, of Philadelphia; P. H. Derickson, of Bridgeport, and W. B. Crockett, of Boston.

Among the prominent arrivals at the Gilsey are Wm. S. Wise, of San Francisco; K. Wiley, ex-member of the Canadian Parliament; H. C. Chancy, of New Orleans, Superintendent of the Cotton Seed Oil Company; ex-Congressman R. B. F. Price, of Indianapolis; and Wm. M. Johnson, Indianapolis, President of the Brewers' Association.

On Old Shoe Dealer Retires.
The fact that Mr. Morley, the well-known shoe dealer on Broadway, near Twenty-second street, is about to retire from business will surprise thousands who have patronized him for years. With one of the largest stocks on hand in the city, he has cut down prices to retail dispose of it, and for the next twenty days people can pick up bargains at this old and reliable establishment at prices hardly ever before offered in strictly first-class goods. The retirement of such a prominent figure as Mr. Morley will be a notable event in the shoe trade.

Found in the River.
Policeman Butler, of the Delancey street station, found the body of an unknown man in the East River at the foot of Governor street this morning. The man was about thirty-five, had a brown mustache and dark brown hair, and wore dark clothing in one pocket was a small piece of music on which was written "J. Wm. Aschenbach, No. 4 Livingston street."

A Hasty Departure.
[From Harper's Bazar.]
"Bub," said the agent, as a little boy opened the door, "is your man in?"

Yes; yes! in the kitchen trying to fix the stove, if you don't like. Who shall I say wants to see her?"

"Tell her I'm the new minister, who will call again."

Modern Society.
Nellie Cuth—Home from Narragansett, to her bosom friend—Oh, I think how delightful it was. One evening I danced three dances with Mr. Peters who is said to be the wickedest man at the Pier, and the other girls were so mad.

A Friend in Need.
[From Harper's Bazar.]
Bobby (whispering)—Didn't I hear Clara tell you, Mr. Featherly, that she was sorry, but she really couldn't give you a lock of her hair?

"Featherly"—Bobby—she says, and she bid Bobby—Well, you just wait a day or two, and I'll get some for you just as quick as I can.

PUZZLED BY THE NOSE OF P. G.

WHO CAN PREVENT IT GETTING RED WHEN OUT IN THE COLD?

A Problem Whose Solution is Awaited with Interest—The Coroners' Record and the Medical Record—A Humorous Character—Dr. O'Meara Thinks a Pretty Girl is Involved.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD:
How can my nose keep from getting red when I go in the cold? Yours,
P. G.

Here is an agonizing appeal for aid and one which should not be slightly thrown into that grave of buried hopes, the waste-paper basket. It should be answered.

Answered? Yes; but who shall answer it? The great army of anxious inquirers who are constantly drawing upon the editorial reservoir of information, spending two cents for a postage stamp and a great deal of time in carefully framing the question, "What do you think of my handwriting?" in imitation—if not very close—of the schoolboy's Spencerian copy-book, naturally think the newspaper infallible.

They are far from wrong. There is hardly a question, be it of ever so abstruse a character, that the editor will not boldly tackle and answer off-hand, and there's no gain saying his conclusion.

But there be children and fools who ask questions which even Solomon, arrayed in all his glory, would dislike to wrestle with—preferring to strip to the buff for such an encounter. And odds would be freely offered against the wise man and no takers be found.

P. G.'s interrogatory would be properly classed with those of children and fools, but the handwriting is so good that the children at least are not implicated.

The subject of being of this class and not desiring to exalt himself in wisdom above Solomon, the "Answers to the Anxious" editor respectfully referred it to the Coroners' office for solution.

Coroner Letty carefully weighed each word of the weighty interrogatory, and said:

"Well, that's a question of almost international interest, now that the blue noses of Nova Scotia are knocking at our doors, asking for annexation. Whether the blue noses of Nova Scotia will harmonize with our own rosate hued smellers is a question that should be carefully considered before we accept annexation, and with annexation perhaps a long and bloody war of the noses. What may be expected can be judged by the antiquated and reading of the almanac."

By the red noses of our own city.

"I can suggest no cure for your correspondent's affliction and would refer you to my friend Messinger, for medical advice."

"Why, the works are primarily by Italian artists, many of them being so old that their history is unknown. It also includes fine copies of some of the most famous frescoes now existing, and the work of the old masters to be found at home, nearly every room in the house being beautified by one or more of these gems of art. The collection was made by Father O'Farrell, himself, who is a connoisseur in art matters, during his visit to Rome several years ago."

St. Teresa's Church was consecrated Oct. 15, 1882, by Cardinal McCloskey. The occasion was one of the most interesting that occurred in the history of the parish, seven bishops participating in the ceremonies.

The Rev. Michael C. O'Farrell was born Dec. 18, 1840, at St. Mary's, Conn. He received his early education from the Claretians. Afterward he spent three years at St. Patrick's College, Carroll, when he came to America and entered the Province of St. Mary's in 1860. He was ordained by Bishop McFarland, of Hartford, for the Diocese of New York June 6, 1868. He was for five years assistant pastor at St. Peter's Church, New York City.

In 1878 he was transferred to Rondout, where he had charge of the parish of St. Mary's. The zeal and energy which he displayed in his work at St. Mary's led to his selection as pastor of so important a city parish as that of St. Teresa. He is assisted in his pastoral labors by the Rev. Francis P. Moore, the Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, and the Rev. James T. McIntyre.

Fun for After Dinner.

He Preferred the Old-Time Slipper.
[From Judge.]
Mr. Solomon King (who is an enthusiast over wall decorations, brings home one of those pretty cane paddles to hang over the mantle).

"I don't like it," said Mrs. King, who has returned—"I ain't been a doin' noddin'—honest, Pop?"

Why They Are Frightened.
[From the Toledo Commercial.]
People in the earthquake districts are expecting one every hour. They wouldn't have been frightened, but Wiggins had to go and predict there wouldn't be any earthquakes for sixteen years.

Low Figures for a Nose.
[From the Pittsburg Commercial.]
The latest Chicago market price for a nose is \$25.00. For a whole nose this is dirt cheap. The reason for the low price is that the nose in this town alone cost far more than that.

When Men Can Fly.
[From the Pittsburg Commercial.]
"Can men fly?" asks the Boston Globe. Guess you never saw the crowd scatter when the hat was passed around after the little German band had finished murdering several compositions.

A Strange World.
[From the New York Herald.]
Man is largely the architect of his own fortune, and yet a strong and well-to-do man works hard for \$1.25 or \$1.50 per day, while a small, second-hand dealer of a man with an abnormally developed arm on some portion of his anatomy will earn a fortune in a dime museum, and might be able to do so in a world of his own. Ours is truly a strange world and furnishes much food for philosophy.

But a Horse Is.
[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]
"There's a great difference between an egg and a riding horse," remarked the Snake Editor.

"I suppose so," replied the Horse Editor; "but what difference do you refer to particularly?"

"An egg is of no use when it's laid."

Not Quick Enough.
[From the Chicago Tribune.]
New York Man—I suppose they play poker a great deal out West?

Denver Man—Quite a bit.

N. Y. Man—Do you play often?

Denver Man—No; I never tried it but once or twice.

N. Y. Man—Why not? Aren't you lucky?

Denver Man—Oh, I'm lucky enough, and I play a pretty strong game, too; but I ain't quick enough with my gun.

SEN-IBLE.
"I would not tell my bargains,"

"I would not tell my bargains,"

"I would not tell my bargains,"

"I would not tell my bargains,"

"I would not tell my bargains,"

"I would not tell my bargains,"